

# THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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## ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

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### Ukrainian Chorus

We feel that the entertainment committee of the Southern Oregon Normal School are performing a signal service in presenting the Ukrainian National Chorus as the second number of a series of cultural entertainments for the school year. This chorus is of nation and world-wide fame and we are positive that this attraction will have the united support not only of Ashland but of all Southern Oregon. We understand that a large delegation of music lovers from Grants Pass have already reserved seats. Full attendance will be evidence that the Normal School has the support of the community in work of this character.

### The Busiest Christmas

Evidently Santa Claus is going to have the busiest time he ever had getting ready for Christmas this year.

Christmas club savings alone amounted to about \$400,000,000. This tidy little sum will buy quite a few Christmas presents. It means \$15 to \$20 a family for the whole nation.

That is only a starter for Christmas spending. Most families have other savings. If not, they have their good incomes to depend on and an unprecedented volume of credit. Employment holds up well, at high wages and people can afford to buy in greater volume, perhaps, than ever before. The nation may spend a billion dollars for Christmas.

These last weeks of 1926 should provide very good business to wind up a year that already has an excellent business record.

### Save Old Ironsides

Secretary Wilbur of the navy department announces that only \$225,000 has been collected of the \$650,000 needed to save Old Ironsides, veteran of 42 sea battles, from the junk heap.

"Surely this gallant old defender of our young nation is worth saving as a living reminder of our glorious past," Mr. Wilbur commented. Surely it is. When the collection was started it was the intention to raise much of the money needed by appealing to the school children of the nation. For one reason or another the money has been coming in more slowly than was at first expected. We should prefer to have the fund completed through private gifts and believe that the Legion, the Sons of the Revolution and other patriotic organizations should take a renewed interest in the matter.

The old frigate Constitution is greatly in need of repair. Unless the work is undertaken speedily, it may be too late. Whatever deficit remains after vigorous efforts have been made to get the money together privately should be supplied by congressional appropriation.

### Team Work Wins

Team work won a victory for Notre Dame over Southern California last Saturday. Every cog in that fighting eleven-man machine worked with the precision of clock work. The score was close. California put forward her best. Her men, likewise, displayed a great brand of team work, but it was inferior to that of the "fighting Irish."

Today we heard a man remark that he hoped the time when cities would work like that fighting Notre Dame machine; when every citizen would fill his or her niche as well as did each of those football players.

This citizen dreams of a team of citizens, not eleven, but ten, twenty, fifty thousand, as the case may be, all working together for community victory; all fighting to place their town's colors on the top of the flagstaff.

His dream may be a little far-fetched, but at that we can unite more closely for the betterment of our community. Team work builds cities.

When the quarterback "barks" your signal, be prepared to plug the line for Ashland!

Florida is again ready for the rush. Every cash register damaged in the recent twister has been repaired.

Alonso Stagg gave each of his Chicago university grid players a ticket to the Army-Navy game, presumably on the theory that everyone is entitled to see one football game a year.

## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



## Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

### Spud Coon's Resolution

"I must tell you," said Daddy to Nick and Nancy, "about Spud Coon's New Year's resolutions."

"Spud Coon had been a very naughty rascal during the Christmas holidays."

"He had been stealing a great many of Farmer Wells' chickens. He had given a number of chicken feasts and had also gone to many parties."

"He had always come home very much exhausted and stayed asleep even longer than he should have done."

"Of course, too many parties and too many chicken feasts and not enough rest and good exercise made Spud Coon feel quite poorly."

"He got extremely worried about himself, and one evening—it was New Year's Eve, by the way—Spud Coon decided he would go see Dr. Red Fox."

"Now, Dr. Red Fox had been very naughty when he was a little fox, but age had given him a great deal of common sense, and he was as clever as a fox can be, which is pretty clever, you know."

"Spud Coon found him all alone in his office, which was about a mile through the woods from where Spud Coon lived."

"Dr. Red Fox was seated on a wooden stump reading an enor-



He Looked Very Wise.

mously big book, and he looked very wise with his spectacles on his nose.

"How do you do, Spud Coon?" said Doctor Fox, as he looked up from his book.

"Oh, very poorly! I'm afraid I am going to die," replied Spud Coon.

"Why, what's the trouble?"

"Well, I know what the trouble is, Doctor Fox; it's my legs ache, and I don't know what is the matter with me!"

"Doctor Fox took his spectacles off his nose and, leaning back on the stump, sighed heavily."

"Well, I know what the trouble is, Spud Coon; you've been eating too much rich food, and too much is bad for you."

"Then you've stolen it and your conscience is troubling you, for you really are a good coon at heart, and no sleep at the right time—not good!"

"You should get up and exercise and hunt for your food and then you'll feel well."

"But if you keep on like this," said Doctor Fox looking very grave, "you'll be all doubled up with rheumatism so that your joints will get stiff and you will not be able to walk without limping and no one will care for you."

"Spud Coon felt for a few moments that he could never give up the feasts and the good times and the lazy life, so accustomed to them had he become, and he had greatly enjoyed his lazy and gay life."

"But he realized how dreadful it would be to grow old and infirm before his time, so he bravely decided that his New Year's resolutions would be to do as Dr. Red Fox had said so he could once more be a good and strong creature."

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Buy Christmas Seals—they stand for education and prevention along health lines.

ACQUITTED OF MURDER COMMITTED BY "WITCH"

ST. POELTEN, Austria, (UN)—A court has acquitted Johann Lanegger, Maria Muehlberger, upholding his contention that a "witch" might have committed the crime.

On the night of the murder, Lanegger, his body a bruised and bloody mass, staggered into the home of a neighbor and screamed hysterically that a "witch" had beaten him and murdered his mistress.

The police, however, gathered sufficient evidence to prove that Lanegger knew more about the crime than he cared to tell and they arrested him.

At the trial Lanegger admitted that he had an altercation with Frau Muehlberger and that several of his wounds had been inflicted by the murdered woman and not the "witch." He stuck to his story, however, that the "hobgoblin" had entered the house during the quarrel and knocked him unconscious. When he awoke



Copyright, 1926, Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. "TRACKED BY THE POLICE," starring Rin-Tin-Tin, in a Warner Bros. production of this title.

SYNOPSIS Among the things that have sustained Jimmy Ford through the horrors of war in France are letters from his sweetheart, Ruth Allen. One of these letters upsets him, because it tells of the attention Dan Murtagh, a politician, pays her in Jimmy's absence. In his heartbreak he writes for his doggerel raid. A German war dog gives her life to save his. Jimmy, in gratitude, adopts her puppy, and smuggles it home after the war. Jimmy's father, a police lieutenant, is mysteriously murdered. Jimmy joins the Force to avenge him; and has an able ally in Rin-Tin-Tin, now full-grown.

CHAPTER 3—Continued But being a "one man dog" put no limitations upon the number of women a shaggy fellow might cherish, so Jimmy's whole-hearted love for two of the sex—Widow Ford and Ruth Allen. The first with dignity, the second with off-hand condescension. Of course for the present Rinty's innate modesty—to say nothing of his convenience—kept him from adding to his list of morning calls; but he had hopes!

Mrs. Ford, though, was on his list, last, but not least. Rinty awoke her now, not by the indelicate process of pulling off the covers, nor the coarse method of barking and howling, but by gently nudging her hand as she habitually flung herself over the space where her Jim would be sleeping in the bed beside her. A compassionate and understanding touch that Rinty had taught himself.

Breakfast in the Ford home. The widow fussing lovingly over the preparation of toast and bacon and eggs and coffee, while Rinty played alternately valet to Jimmy and pet to the mother, and lazy and fat and wheezy Flaherty shifted for himself, so far as Rinty was concerned.

"Sure Rinty always reminds me of a man with boxing gloves who's his opinion that door," said Flaherty from out a cottony mask of suds.

"If you had boxing gloves on those hams of yours you wouldn't be able to open doors except with an axe, so that makes Rinty smarter than you," teased Jimmy.

"There's more truth in poetry than appears to the eye," quoth Flaherty, who was always repeating proverbs and never got one straight.

The widow Ford meantime stood as one apart and dozed, looking at Jimmy with a fondness and an affectionate intensity that gave her silvery framed face an aura of unearthliness, of premature spiritual-ity. Jimmy felt the strange sanctity of her eyes, but could not fathom it; a more erudite and slightly prim stranger might have thrilled at the apparent embodiment of furburghed immortality in the manner in which she fondled and guided and guarded her boy with her eyes.

Rinty felt it. There his instinct served to bring him closer to the essential and fundamental truth than Jimmy's blundering masculine reason. Rinty knew it for the purest ray of serene mother love.

Consequently he trotted gently and with reverent dignity as he padded to the widow after he had opened the door. Up-up on his hind legs he reared, resting his paws so lightly on the little lady's frail shoulders that they never wrinkled even a toe; so slightly the prim glint of her honest eyes per. Then he timidly licked the cresting front wave of her hair, the tip of her ear, with his rough tongue, the while whizzing her eyes with his eyes. Then down and to the door to wait, his romping peculiarities gradually coming back full blast as he champed through the final minute of Jimmy's departure.

Rinty looked on and barked with approval while Jimmy kissed his mother. He knew what Jimmy did not know—that the kiss was a dedication, a breathed plea for his safe return.

For the widow had not forgotten—would never forget so long as her heart fluttered within her thin breast—the other last goodbyes, the other stark and silent returns. Of her Jim—her always, always sweet heart. And when the door closed each morning now and shut Jimmy, the boy, from her vision her eyes turned involuntarily to the framed picture of Jim, the man, in the parlor and continued their loving feasting without cessation. For the latter had become the former to her. The boy was the father, the father the boy. The one lived on in the other.

Meanwhile in Jimmy Ford's still boyish heart there were low grave and spiritual things on tap as he betook himself on swift feet to the attic where dwelt his love. Rinty paced beside him, silently and alertly and with an uncompassionate dog in the Chelsea precinct, near the whole island of Manhattan. His police shield dangled from his collar in a prideful show. Not an untraced from the conscious outward bearing and inward appreciation of his important official position.

(To be continued)

He said, his mistress was dead.

The court acquitted him, because, the judge explained, the evidence indicated that "some-

thing or someone" had entered the house unobserved by either of the two combatants and committed the crime.

**SAP AND SALT**  
BY BERT MOSES

Morals are local; what is good here is bad there.

"Glad to see you" is probably the most popular lie ever told.

Some men keep their word for the very good reason that nobody will take it.

Anyhow, the man who claims to be self-made takes all the blame to himself.

The hair turns gray before the beard because the beard is about twenty years younger.

The time that most men waste in explaining their failures would, if properly employed, put them on their feet again.

### What Others Say

(Baker Herald)  
A La Grande store celebrates its thirtieth birthday anniversary by publishing eight pages of advertising in the La Grande Observer. This is probably the first time any eastern Oregon business house ever ran eight pages of advertising in one issue of one newspaper. It illustrates the trend of the times in successful merchandising, for such large scale advertising is becoming quite common in many cities, large and small.

(Klamath Falls Herald)  
The Willamette valley has swollen streams. Up here in the mountains the rain king has been reigning for some time and we are the happiest people in Oregon over the fact.

(Junction City Times)  
Down at Portland the people paid fabulous prices for the furniture in the room which was occupied by Queen Marie while here. When that hotel went to the expense of furnishing the room especially for the queen the people wondered how he expected to get his money back.

Hex Heck says: "If you want to get a full day's work out of a man tell him he can have the afternoon off."

**TOM SIMS SAYS**

Today's advice is to do your Christmas shopping late. You may forget somebody that way.

If Prince Carol wants the Rumanian throne so badly, why doesn't he come over here and endorse a few chairs? Then he can go back and buy twelve of them.

Santa Claus is coming, but we've seen a lot of stockings lately that were very well filled, thank you.

Now it looks as though they wouldn't cut the income tax after all. And we had counted on that quarter for Christmas, too!

What this country needs is a combination bath tub and telephone-disconnector.

Famous fallacies: "It really wasn't so much his fault. He was an only child, you know."

## TURNING THE PAGES BACK

### ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Walter Smith navigates on crutches as the result of catching his foot under a log over near Hill in the camp of the Hill Lumber Company.

Clarence Adams has received a letter from William Rinehart of Wasco, Ore., stating that he is closing out his property interests and will move to Ashland to make his home. Mr. Rinehart is quite well to do and will build a fine home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Murphy returned last Thursday from their honeymoon trip to Portland. They made their home in Medford. Mr. Murphy is proprietor of the Murphy Motor Car company of Ashland.

Mr. and Mrs. Hal McNair of Ashland visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown of Talent yesterday.

### ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Mrs. L. L. Muilt and infant son arrived Sunday from Berkeley, Cal., where they have been visiting for a number of months with Mrs. Muilt's mother, Mrs. A. McCales, and family.

George W. Hoxie, formerly employed at the quarry which is furnishing the stone-crusher with rock material used on Ashland street improvements, has gone to Wolf Creek, in Josephine county for a visit with relatives.

Miss Mary Downing of Ashland, has entered the Beethoven School of Music at St. Louis to continue her musical studies and perfect herself in the art.

Mrs. Dr. J. S. Parson returned home Sunday from a visit to Oakland, California.

### ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Ray Mathews went to Redding, Cal., today, where he expects to take the civil service examination before the board in session there this week, for a position in the railway mail service. Ray has been a clerk in the postoffice at Ashland under Postmaster Brunk for six months past and is recognized as a careful and thoroughly reliable young man who is bound to succeed in the ambition to enter the railway mail service.

Miss Carolyn Roper arrived home Friday evening from San Francisco and was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. G. C. Carr and little son, who will make a visit to the parental home in Ashland. Miss Roper is rapidly gaining strength after her recent siege at the hospital in this city.

R. P. Neil was looking after business affairs in Jacksonville recently.